

often

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Additional Tags:	Cock Warming , briefly. they give it the old college try , Established Relationship , Praise Kink , Dirty Talk , Light Dom/sub , george is a powerbottom for like 5 minutes and then gives up , the word mutt is used once please dont be alarmed
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by [towerofthegods](#)

Summary

"Sorry," George drones mildly, seeming unruffled besides a flush crawling up his neck. His eyes slide only momentarily back to Dream, sharp under eyebrows arched in faux-confusion -- a spotlight he preens under until it flickers away, back to the LED coveted against his palm. "I just had to adjust myself." He wiggles for emphasis, letting out a self-satisfied sigh. Dream's nails threaten to break skin.

or; george sits in dream's lap and tests his patience.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"You're being..." Dream's voice twists off into a scoff, dripping with exasperation. His hands grip and ungrip uselessly at his sides, making pleats into the couch cushion.

"Being...?" George prods boredly, seemingly unruffled. A thin wrist balances on the jut of Dream's shoulder, tendons shifting delicately with each swipe of his thumb to phone screen. Dream resists a subconscious urge to bite it.

"Don't play dumb--"

George shifts, weight collected briefly onto a calf and then released back into Dream's lap. A shock of electric heat lances up Dream's stomach, and he barely clamps down a whine as he shudders against George's small frame; the echo of the wet, slick sound rings in their empty living

room, a thunderclap to lightning strike.

"Sorry," George drones mildly, seeming unruffled besides a flush crawling up his neck. His eyes slide only momentarily back to Dream, sharp under eyebrows arched in faux-confusion -- a spotlight he preens under until it flickers away, back to the LED coveted against his palm. "I just had to adjust myself." He wiggles for emphasis, letting out a self-satisfied sigh. Dream's nails threaten to break skin.

Teeth gritted, he bites out, "You are *so* --"

"Don't you have work to be doing, Dream?" George says, put-upon and weary, head tilting against his own shoulder as he relaxes against Dream with more finality; his weight is grounding, dizzying, unreal. A drag of his shirt reveals a slice of bare belly, and it feels filthy to eye, even as miles of unconcealed thighs frame Dream's waist, even as George's cock flushes between them.

The heat radiating around, inside, against Dream is enough to burn.

Stop interrupting me, he thinks petulantly, but he doesn't give George the satisfaction of voicing it, recognizing it as just another test of patience.

Dream is going to *win*.

"Work" is, in some ways, a gross overestimation of what Dream is doing. There was a level of preparation to this (namely, a lot of heated words curling against his ear after the sky had already drowned itself in black, promises whispered between *yes* and *please* and *faster, faster, faster* that left Dream helpless to agreement), so there's a laptop strewn atop the cushion to his immediate right, idling and humming as its internal fan whirs. On its screen, Photoshop shines brightly in patient mockery.

He does his best with the positioning; originally, they wanted to do it at Dream's desk, but it didn't leave enough room for George to rest comfortably *and* maintain leverage, which he had insisted upon. As it stands, he has to strain his fingers for keyboard commands, left without his left hand as it drapes uselessly against the arm rest.

For a time, Dream is successful in distracting himself. He fiddles with the thumbnail for a new video, flying through text fonts and colors, tapping at the arrow keys to shift around the position alignment while George peacefully scrolls through his Twitter feed. It feels normal; at some points, Dream even forgets about his dick in George's ass.

Suddenly, George whines, pitchy and breathy against his cheek. "*Higher*," he mewls, free hand grasping desperately at the front of Dream's shirt.

Dream jolts, hips snapping loosely in reflex and causing George's noise to trickle into honesty. He whips his head, glaring, eyes sharp. George grins at him, bright as a bell. "The text," he clarifies, too smug to disguise. "It needs to be higher."

Grinding his teeth, Dream pointedly stabs at the up arrow with a vengeance without breaking their eye contact. His left hand meets George's waist, thumbing harshly at the hem of his shirt where the bone dips. *Two can play at this game*. Dropping his voice low with intent, Dream tilts his head to highlight his jaw, letting George's gaze slide down his throat. "Is that good for you, baby?"

A flush startles out of George, high on his cheeks and painting his nose. Dream watches his Adam's apple bob with interest. "I -- um," he fumbles, before the control slips calmly over him once again. "No touching, Dream." Chiding, he flicks away the grip on his hip, taking an almost

imperceptible steadying breath.

Satisfaction churns through Dream, impossible to stifle -- but it isn't enough. He presses. "Are you sure, George?" He says it all soft and round in the vowel, dripping dark in the way that always makes George fold. "You seemed to like it. You want me to touch you, don't you?" Leaning forward, he hovers his mouth scant inches above the cut of his jaw, letting his hot breath wash over George's skin in waves, the teasing impression of an open-mouthed kiss.

The shuddering moment of hesitation lines Dream's spine with tension -- like a snake in coil, a cobra ready to lunge. But George stands firm. "No touching," George repeats, and a cool hand places itself along the column of Dream's throat, gentle but insistent as it pushes him back into the back of the couch. Still, there's a tension there -- different than before, the heat from their connection at the hip growing into a wildfire again, George's attention mercilessly pouring over him and eating him whole. He leans down, mimicking Dream's earlier movements, letting his exhales fall in curtains over Dream's parted mouth as George's lips hang over him.

"Or," George mutters, seeming annoyed and unaffected besides the unsteady rise and fall of his chest. He glides along to Dream's ear, words curling privately and warm as he presses forward, somehow touching Dream everywhere that counts but not touching Dream at all. "Are you too much of a dumb *mutt* to control yourself?"

Vicious arousal tugs hard on his gut, and Dream can't fully stifle the whine that bites out of his mouth and into the air. Embarrassment fights for some of his blood flow as his thoughts melt into an indiscernible puddle, hands straining against the urge to *grab, touch, hold*. Tension curls through him, a leash and shackle and cell, molten and impatient as George drapes across his front and holds Dream inside him, completely still.

George pulls back, sliding his waist and creating wet friction against Dream's dick. "Sorry," he says honestly, seeming mildly distracted as he stares at their laps. "My legs are falling--"

Something delicate inside of Dream splinters with a decisive *snap*, and his hands fly to George's thighs. Soft and smooth and spread around him, his palms eat the distance until he's breaching under the hem of George's loose cotton shirt, feeling the flat planes of his stomach.

"*Dream*," George gasps in shock, hands flying to his shoulders on instinct. "I said -- I *said* no touching." But Dream's hands act of their own accord, possessive as they engulf George's frame, slicing up the slats of his ribs and thumbs dragging hard into his nipples. A startled *ah* rings out of George's mouth, breathy and soft.

"Is that true, George?" Dream presses, gaze stiflingly dark and mouth open. He stares at George's face, at the scrunch of his eyebrows and the sprawling flush, the way his eyes tilt upwards thoughtlessly in pleasure. "You look desperate for it. You love my hands, don't you? You want me to take control, don't you?" He drags his nails down George's front, letting them scrape against his ribs in the way that makes George's body jolt without permission.

"Dream," George protests, and Dream can see where he's trying to grasp back at cool composure, at his expression struggling to fall smoothly into apathetic disinterest.

"C'mon now," Dream chides darkly, and with bruising strength he lifts George a few inches above his lap and snaps forward, fucking up into him. George, for all his efforts, whimpers brokenly at the feeling, letting his forehead fall onto Dream's shoulder.

Instantly, Dream's mouth is on him, sucking at the tender spot beneath his ear with juxtaposing gentleness. Sighs flutter from George's mouth, pleased, as he offers more of his neck in

acquiescence; the long column of throat sprawls beneath Dream's tongue and teeth as he works to staple purple bruises from jaw to clavicle. "There you go," Dream praises mindlessly between wet bites. "Good boy."

George hisses in what sounds like more frustration than satisfaction, but his hips roll languidly despite it, grinding around Dream's cock. In response, Dream grips at the highs of his thighs, pinching at the delicate skin near their junction. Cool fingers drag him by the jaw up to George's mouth where he kisses Dream, harsh and wet and unforgiving, teeth catching at Dream's lower lip vengefully as he moans against Dream's tongue.

"That's better," Dream murmurs because he can't *stop* himself, his mind is rapidly flying through a thousand sensations and all the words stumble from his chest and into the empty air, falling deftly onto George's face. "You're so tense. You want me to take care of you, baby?"

George drops his head to gasp, shoulders shaking as he shudders. "Your ego," he grits. "Is immense."

Dream grins, a boyish glint of respite in the expansive heat of the moment. "You love it."

George opens his mouth to retort but is cut off by the light sensation of Dream dragging a fingertip against his slit, fumbling the words into a soft moan. Dream drags him firmly back into the moment, words scorching as they fly beyond his teeth. "You wanted to act all tough for me, but you must be pent up from having me inside you, yeah?" He swallows, hard. "I can make you feel good, George. I want to make you feel good."

The words draw some kind of consideration from George, gaze turning thoughtful as he gnaws at his lower lip. Finally, he clarifies: "*You* want to make me feel good?"

Ah. Yeah, Dream can definitely work with this. He adjusts his grip, straining to lift George up again and rocking up gently. "Wanna make you feel good," he repeats, voice catching. George trembles around him and in his hands, noises tugging out of him with every push. "Please, let me take care of you. Please, George."

"Dream," George whines, and it sounds like surrender. "I -- *Yes.*"

As soon as the word is uttered, Dream drops him, letting him fall onto his dick one last time and forcing a gasp out of George, before he shifts them, pushing George into the cushions and knocking the discarded laptop onto the floor with a clatter neither of them acknowledge. In the process, he slips out, and he shivers against the mild temperature of the air, too adjusted to the burning heat of George's body after sitting like that for so long.

Hand flattened inches from George's flushed face, Dream cages him, heel seeking purchase on the hardwood and free hand lining him back up with George's entrance. "Do you feel empty?" He rambles brokenly, knowing his eyes must be blown, knowing he'd be too embarrassed to say these words in normal circumstances. But arousal churns inside him, dizzying, and George's glassy stare is all he can see. "I was filling you up for so long." He shifts briefly to press his palm into the flat of George's exposed stomach, letting his weight fall onto it. "Empty," he repeats.

George flusters, fingers hooking onto Dream's jaw and sliding through his hair. "You talk too much," he mutters, reeling into him into a hungry kiss. Dream moans into it as he presses back into him, barely any resistance as it breaches entrance and stills deep inside him, comfortable in its acclimation. Falling to an elbow, Dream presses George deep into the cushions as he grinds into him, letting George's soft whines push against his tongue, letting his thumb fall to squeeze hard against George's hip.

“Move,” George insists with heavy frustration, nails finding purchase at Dream’s nape. “Come on.”

“Sorry,” Dream mouths against his throat, tasting the salt of the perspiration that clings against it. “I’m just a dumb *mutt*.” Snapping his waist, he bites the ‘t’ sharply against George’s ear, smug as George gasps and clings to him. “I can’t control myself.”

“Dream,” George hisses, somehow resentful and apologetic all in one syllable. He tugs at his hair like they’re marionette strings, attempting to move him.

“Maybe if you asked nicely this time,” Dream condescends, pulling back to look down at him. “Since you clearly *need* me.”

There’s something about the way the t-shirt hangs off George, rumpled and askew, growing sheer from humidity and giving way to planes of flushed, bitten skin that feels more filthy than if he were without it. Hair ruffled with sex and Dream’s hands, mouth wet and gasping, waist forced against Dream with his knees holding him inside. A collarbone slips from his loose collar, and Dream wants to devour him whole.

After a tense moment, George swallows, and his eyelashes grow heavy. “Please, Dream,” he sighs, and it’s definitely a little performative, but Dream’s dick twitches all the same. “Please. Need you.”

That’s all it takes. He presses back in, crowding him, hips working in slow but steady thrusts. George’s eyes flutter close as he gasps into it, neck arched, and Dream’s fingers paint bruises on the jut of his hip bone.

Falling more fully onto George, Dream slides his hand behind George’s knee, forcing it up for better positioning and drinking in the way George’s moans get higher, louder, a ring of satisfaction at pressing just the right spot. “There, there,” he soothes, hips fucking into him. “I’ll make it all better.”

Eyebrows scrunched, George whines brokenly, and his submission seems a little more honest this time as he peers up at Dream and clings around his neck. “Full,” he sighs, lashes wet.

Arousal punches through Dream, and his tongue briefly feels too heavy to speak, feeling utterly enamored with the sight and the feel of everything beneath him. “Yeah?” he manages, speeding up his pace, trying not to push George up and off the couch with the force of it. “Does it feel good, George? You want me to fuck you, nice and hard?”

With some difficulty, George nods, hands pulling and tugging Dream closer with every thrust, moans and whines and gasps shoved from him as his eyes grow wet. “Please,” he babbles, nails carving down Dream’s back as he mercilessly rams him into the cushions. “Feels good. Thank you, thank you.”

“Of course,” Dream shushes magnanimously, attempting to kiss George for a long moment but mostly just succeeding in licking against his teeth. “You’re so good, you’re so good.” The sounds around them are filthy, wet smacks flooding through their living room like holy rain. Dream finally -- *finally* grasps George’s cock, smearing the pre-cum down it’s length and squeezing along the base.

Back arching, George squeezes his legs around him, head thrown back. “*Dream*,” he moans desperately, attempting to somehow press even closer, hoping to meet the rough jerk of Dream’s palm.

“Got you,” Dream promises uselessly, unable to stop the constant string of reassurances pouring out of him. “I got you, George.” He thumbs at George’s head, follows the straining flush down to the base, rising and falling and repeating in merciless tugs. Twisting his wrist when he slams into him to watch George writhe, to feel the harsh sting of nails on his back.

“Close,” George warns breathily, body trembling with strain and pleasure. Dream just nods jerkily back, trying to manage even faster, even harder, *more* as George’s noises grow in volume and pitch, cock weeping into his hand.

“C’mon, baby,” Dream encourages, kissing his cheek gently. “You’re such a pretty little thing.”

And George *shatters*, shoulders and waist jerking as he comes, voice an endless babble as his cries, *Thank you, thank you, Dream*, and white paints both of them, dripping down Dream’s fingers as his dick pulses, Dream patiently stroking him through it.

The overstimulation sets in a few moments later, and George’s hands find purchase at Dream’s shoulders, unsure whether to push away or pull in. He whines in frustrated confusion.

“Almost there,” Dream reassures, gasping and shaking from the feeling of George squeezing around him, at the wet friction and heat on his dick. “Can I, um -- can I... inside?” Suddenly flustered and losing confidence in these last few moments, as George contentedly blinks back at him.

George nods, biting his lip in thought and pressing a hand to his abdomen. “All yours.” And he smiles, bright and gentle and blissed, and Dream is coming, spilling in jagged pulses inside of George as he comfortingly combs through his hair with absent fingers, long moan falling into the crook of George’s neck. He gasps unsteadily, spent and overheated, and collapses onto George.

After a moment of gentle touching, a soft kiss planted here and there, George breaks the silence: “Okay, get up, Dream. This is gross.”

Dream snuggles down further, squeezing against George as he lets out an exaggerated croak. “No, I won. And this is my prize.”

Snorting in disbelief, George continues to struggle briefly, but eventually makes peace with his fate of being smushed into the couch. “You didn’t *win* ; you lasted, like, fifteen minutes before you got too horny to function.”

Dream lifts his head to glare, outraged at the smug look in George’s eyes. “Really, George?” He flicks his eyes down, over the tangle of their bodies, the fluids that are -- gross, *definitely* going to need to be stain-removed from their couch. “Because it feels like I won.”

George just rolls his eyes. “Whatever you say, Dream.” But it seems utterly self-satisfied, and Dream can’t help the dopey smile that tugs along his mouth, contentment sighing in the cavity of his chest.

Later, when he realizes he’s without a thumbnail and very short on time, he tweets with much dismay: *Sorry guys :(Internet’s been giving me trouble. Video will be out a little late!* And George grins with that same stupid, smug smile until he kisses it off his face.

this kind of just happened i dont even know what to say. follow me on [tumblr](#) or [twitter](#) !
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